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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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"Here's a health to the Mugwumps, who helped in the strife,
And have made this the happiest day of my life!"

PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

VOLUME XVII.

March the seventh, eight years ago,
Winter was waving his flags of snow;
Hayes and Tilden were counted in;
The Sun was having a Vision of Sin;
Corruption reveled in places high;
War to Europe was drawing nigh;
And such cheerful matters were taking place
As make up the average Year of Grace—
When,
Just then,
Out of the turmoil and trouble and doubt,
Fearless and fresh came springing out,
Ready for good or for evil luck—
PUCK.



Nothing he had but his native worth,
And a swallow-tail,
And a will to right all the wrong on earth,
And not to fail,
And a merry smile and an opera-hat,
One of the species that shut up flat—
But that

PUCK was not, whatever his hat—
He was never shut up, and he never was flat.

* * *
Seventy-seven—eight years ago!
PUCK looks out on the soft March snow
That covers the harvests of eight good years—
Successes and failures, and hopes and fears;
Joys and griefs and misses and hits;
Favorite idols all smashed to bits;
Errors that led to wisdom's ways;
Enemies' cavil and comrades' praise;
Days

Darker than ever Hugh Conway saw;
Days of the nation's grief and awe;
Days of delirious dear delight;
Days that more strongly resembled night—
Days that, rolling up week after week,
Brought never one when PUCK did n't speak—
Saying his say, and an honest say.
Whatever the weather, whatever the day.

* * *
Eight good active and restless years,
Make—well—
A pretty fair spell,
For a sheet that the gossips said, it appears,
When its work was begun,
Was extremely unlikely to live for One.

But here,
Chirk and chipper, chockful of cheer,
Is that paper that "never could live a year."
Since his coming, a thing or two
Has happened, reader, to him and you—
Presidents three—they came and went—
And one of 'em wasn't a President;
Governors, Mayors and Congressmen,
And such small fry, have been thick since then;
And PUCK has modestly taken a hand
In making and marring them, through the land.



And only last Summer, we believe,
If treacherous memory doesn't deceive,
There was a sort of a kind of a row,
Somehow,
A mild unpleasantness, as it were,
That made a bit of a gentle stir—
A ripple, it may be, in the sea
Of peace where floated our country free.
And,
We understand,
In the thickest and hottest of all that fuss,
In the mixed up midst of that mortal muss,
Where the foes of the right were noticed to be
Conspicuous for their agility;
And the blare
Of Gideon's trumpet filled the air,
Where it came in handy to do and dare,
Where
The sword of the Lord was glittering bare,
This paper—this PUCK—was wrestling there.

Not less than when on Ajalon
The sun and moon stood still
The heavens those men shall shine upon
Who serve the eternal will.

Their eyes are quickened with the light
Of Truth's celestial throng;
The stars shall in their courses fight
In their dread war with Wrong.

* * *
Fighting for honor and truth and right
Is a fight begun when the world was young,
And those who to-day put Error to flight
May sing the same song that Miriam sung.
There 'll be more of that sort of song to sing
While unregenerate planets wing
Their way, and much of that work to do
Before the job can be carried through.
More of it waits to be done right here,
Here in this modern material year.
Here in this land of the brave and free,
Where we 're not all honest as we might be.

And,
You understand,
We 're here to do it—not only we—
But Grover C.
Years we have labored that number eight,
And we
And he
For the year that we both inaugurate,



Have only a simple pledge to make—
To serve the People for Honesty's sake.
PUCK, per V. H. D., P. P.

POSITIVELY ITS LAST APPEARANCE.



"Are you going to the Ball this evening?"
"Not this evening—s'mother evening."
"Good-evening."

I WISH to tell you, one and all,
In Washington to-day I'll call,
In swallow-tail, and not in
shawl,
To dance at the Inaugural
Ball.

And I shall watch the brave and
fair
Go whirling round to music rare,
And I shall have no blighting
care
While moving in the electric
glare
There.

Ah, I shall lightly fly away
Like any butterfly in May,
When breezes in the blossoms
play
At hide-and-seek throughout
the gay
Day.

My Annual for '85
In every respect's alive,
I'm ever busy in my hive,
And that is why I richly thrive:
Oh, don't your family deprive
Of this great treat for twenty-five
Cents.



TO ETHELBERTA.

Why, of course we will, Ethelberta, of course we will tell you all we know about Inaugurations, Inaugurals and Inaugurating. Because you know, Ethelberta, because you know, because you know, don't you, that woman may sometime get the ballot? And in that case it is possible that you might become Presidentess of the United States.

And if you should ever become Presidentess, you might want to know what to do at the start. Therefore, it is better to tell you what to do now; because if you waited for the time to arrive, you would, no doubt, receive advice from all kinds of sources, and might be confused as to the proper course to pursue.

Therefore, place your hand around your ear, and listen to our warble:

To be popular you must do everything to appear economical in the public eye, as that will make the papers howl about a safe administration. It would be a good thing for you to ride down to the White House on a horse. You may remember that Jefferson did that act. He tied his horse to a tree, entered the White House, and was duly sworn in. That act has become a matter of history, and has given Thomas an "ad" that will live after everything else he did is forgotten.

You should, therefore, tie your horse to a lamp-post, and go in for the oath-taking ceremony. Don't have any Ball, because dancing is offensive to country-people, and it is from the country that the great vote comes.

Have a nice little lemonade and sponge-cake reception, broken now and then by the reading of an original poem and a recitation. Then you might play "puss in the corner" and "pillow and keys," and wind up the exercises with a cup of tea and a little gossip.

This would save a great deal of money, and make a better impression on the Jethros and Ichabods, whose votes, you know, are very numerous and useful for reelection purposes.

Have only women in your cabinet, and don't name your cabinet members before you are

elected. If you work the thing right you might lead the fashions and get good commissions from *modistes* for introducing their new-fangled ideas in dress.

Don't go to kettledrums, parties, the opera, and circus matinées, or you will simply place yourself on a level with those great and good Presidents who have devoted themselves so religiously to piscatorial pleasures during the Summer months.

When you want to inaugurate good feeling, take the person or persons you want to inaugurate with you into the butler's pantry, and inquire of each his or her favorite tipple.

Don't have a temperance administration. Try to disseminate the fact that true temperance consists in knowing how to drink without drinking to excess. But if you must have a strictly temperance administration, have plenty of whiskey in the cellar, where you may indulge to your heart's content without being seen and talked about by pessimists and hypercritical temperance cranks.

Draw up strict rules to keep the women of the cabinet from criticising each other's clothes and saying unkind things of each other. This you will perhaps find a difficult task; but it will be good practice for you in the art of triumphing over impossibilities.

Keep your weather-eye on our dear navy, and see that it is never left out in the rain.

In issuing proclamations, use the adjectives "cute," "cunning," "awful," "nice" and "elegant" as often as possible.

Never pardon bank officials who are learning to make shoes in State's-prison, from Dan to Beersheba, and thence around to Newark, N. J.

Don't be so extravagant in the matter of dress that the papers will say: Presidentess Maguire has one hundred and fifty evening-dresses and seven hundred and thirteen morning-wrappers.

Don't put all your family in office.

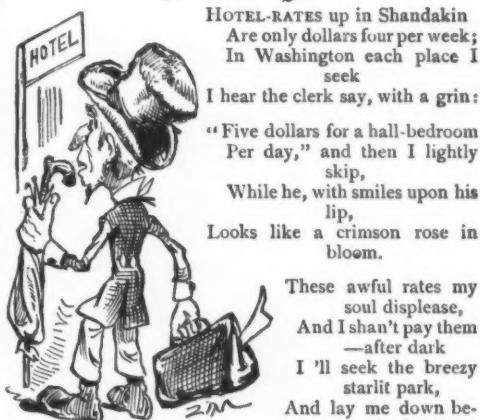
This is all we know about Inauguration; but if you want further advice, come to us after you are elected, and we will advise you to appoint us to the position that has the tightest grip on our fancy.

The Free Supper-Room Nuisance at the Inaugural.



We hope that the Gentlemen of the Press took measures to exclude the horde of vagrant outsiders who so often commit free-lunch atrocities in their name.

Puckerings.



HOTEL-RATES up in Shandakin
Are only dollars four per week;
In Washington each place I
seek
I hear the clerk say, with a grin:
"Five dollars for a hall-bedroom
Per day," and then I lightly
skip,
While he, with smiles upon his
lip,
Looks like a crimson rose in
bloom.

These awful rates my
soul displease,
And I shan't pay them
—after dark
I'll seek the breezy
starlit park,
And lay me down be-
neath the trees.

I'll stretch me out upon the grass,
My head upon my old valise,
And try to dream the dreams of peace,
And watch the old policeman pass.

Thus will I sleep a night or two,
And then return to Shandakin,
And from my neighbors plaudits win,
And raise a wondrous hullabaloo.

Because to them I'm going to state
I put up at the best hotel,
And was a very howling swell,
And danced with all the ladies great.

And while I tell it o'er and o'er,
The folks will crowd around to hear,
While lots of apple-jack and beer
I'll sell in my old grocery-store.

And I shall bask in Fortune's sun,
And sell my things out one and all,
Because to the Inaugural Ball
I did n't go in Washington.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND can perform the cabinet-trick much more skillfully than the Davenport Brothers ever did.

THE RAIN falls not alike on the just and unjust, for the simple reason that the unjust usually has the umbrella belonging to the just.

THE EDITOR of the *Farm Journal* explains "Why We Do Not Eat Cheese." There may be a good many reasons. Maybe the grocer won't trust him.

THE MEN who have been prominently mentioned for the cabinet will hold a meeting in Washington to-day, if they can find a building large enough.

TWO HORNS and a piece of skull-bone were recently found in the stomach of a Kentucky cow. It is presumed that she must have been "eating her head off."

IT IS said that Maggie Mitchell and Charlotte Thompson are going to stop staring and go into the ballet. They reached the proper age at their last birthdays.

A LAY FIGURE—Twenty-four dozen of (eggs). Any man who can get off a worse one than this will be entitled to receive one copy of PUCK's ANNUAL for a quarter-of-a-dollar.

IF ENGLAND really wishes to make amends for her shameful treatment of General Gordon while alive, she should exert herself to the utmost to prevent Tennyson inditing a memorial poem.

WHAT THE ELECTION TEACHES.—It teaches that a bad man is a good thing to run against. That the size of a man's neck is not as important as the purity of his motives in a Presidential campaign.

SHINBONES IN WASHINGTON.

His Letter to P. Maguff, Esq.

"I got a lettah! I got a lettah!" exclaimed Peter Maguff, dashing into Brother Wakeup Misery's drawing-room.

"G'way, chile, g'way!" was the exclamation of the half-dozen assembled members of Hoboken's choice society.

"Yas, sah," continued Pete: "I got a lettah from Brudder Shinbone, telling all 'bout wot him an' Brudder Squeezeout done gone an' seed down ter de Inoggeration Ball."

"Le's see de lettah!" Peter waved the document triumphantly over his head.

"Read her, read her!" "All right, niggahs. Jess set yo'se'f down an' keep cool, an' dis hyar chile 'll read her fur yo'."

And Peter unfolded the epistle, and read as follows:

WASHIN'TON, March Free.
Dear Brudder Petah:

Brudder Squeezeout Peabody an' me done gone got heah all right. Dis hyar am a boss town. It am got de biggerest an' longest streets dis hyar cullud pusson ebber see. But de town ain't got nuffin' ter do wid dis hyar story. De Inoggeration Ball am de subjick ob my talk. Yo' jess ort ter seed dat Brudder Squeezeout! He war de dogondest dude dat ebber got loose. He had on a shiny silk hat, an' a noo paiah ob specs, an' a black watch-chain wot hanged down, an' a cane, an' a obercoat, an' a paiah ob dog-skin glubs. Dis hyar aged niggah war dressed in his usual style. W'en we got inter de town dat dar Brudder Squeezeout he beginned fur ter make eyes at de good-looking wenches, an' he jess got so durned proud he didn't know wot ter do wid hisse'f. He poked me in de ribs till I war sore wid larfin'.

"Wal, we made up ouah minds dat de propah t'ing fur us ter do war ter go an' call on de noo Pres-dint. Wal, we went ter de hotel,

an' dare we seed a dresful swell feller in a swaller-breasted coat. He axed us wot we come dar fur, an' we tolle him dat we come fur ter see Grober Cleveland.

"Wal, sez he ter me, sez he: 'yo' can't see him ter-day. He's too busy a-gittin' ready fur de Inoggeration Ball.'

"Wal, sez I ter he, sez I: 'dat's jess wot we am a-doin', too. We am a-gwine ter dat ball, an' we am gwine ter make it a big t'ing.'

"Am yo' gwine," sez he ter we, sez he: "ter wait onter de table?"

"Wal, chile, I didn't say nuffin'; but Brudder Squeezeout an' me we jess drawed ouahse'ves up, an' luked disgusted an' walked out. But putty soon we seed Mistah Clebeland an' Mistah Bayard comin' down inter de orfice ob de hotel. Dar war a big crowd o' people in de orfice, an' a whul lot on 'em went up an' shuk hands wid de noo Pres'dint.

"Come on," sez I ter Brudder Squeezeout. An' we moseyed right up ter ole Grober an' I grabbed his hand.

"Mistah Clebeland," sez I ter he, sez I: "yo' hab got hyar at las'. Yo' b'en a good while a-doin' it, but hyar yo' am. Dis hyar aged cullud pusson an' de gemman wid him am hyar fur ter represent de Anti-Chicken-Stealin' Serciety ob Hoboken, an' ef dar am any dangah ob de Inoggeration Ball bein' shoht ob poultry, jess yo' show us whar de biggerest chicken-coop in de town am, an' we'll purwide fur yo'."

"Grober sez he war much 'bliged, an' stahted fur ter go 'way. I grabbed him by de coat, an' sez I ter he, sez I:

"Yo' jess want ter 'membah one t'ing. Wot put yo' heah, huh? W'y, de cullud mugwumps, ob couhse. Now, den, w'en yo' fix up dat dar cab'net o' yores, don't yo' furgit dat. De Hoboken post-office am berry badly run, an' I'se de niggah wot kin handle her. Now, den, gemmen, free cheahs fur Grober Clebeland. Am yo' all ready? Hooray! Hoo—"

"Jess ez I done gone said dat somefin' fell on me, an' de nex' t'ing



I know Brudder Squeezeout an' me war in de station-house. An' 'less de Anti-Chicken-Stealin' Serciety puts up de ducats, dese hyar two niggahs hez got ter stay in Washin'ton arter dey pays deir fines, an' dey won't see de Inoggeration Ball, neider.

Yourn in sorrah,

SHINBONE SMIFF."

PARAGRAPHS ARE floating about to the effect that diseases are frequently communicated by kissing. We supposed every one knew that the most dangerous and swift of all diseases was communicated in that way—heart disease.

WE LEARN by an exchange that sixteen people were "buried under a snow-slide" near Salt Lake recently. This seems all right. But how funny it would appear if they had been buried on the top of a snow-slide!

WHEN you see a dog running down a crowded thoroughfare, don't be fooled into taking any notice of it, for it is merely a new dodge of the fruit-canners to advertise their wares.

A QUERY.

Such as Many Lonely Hearts Might Echo.

Oh, dusky maiden of the South,
Bright Ethiop beauty, rich as night,
The full, warm lines about thy mouth
Part above teeth as ivory white.

Thy crisped hair is like a net
To catch the wandering feet of Love,
Thy brows are bows of Cupid, set
Thy dark-brown tender eyes above.

O Daughter of old Afric's heart,
Open thy silent lips, and low
Whisper to me before we part
The secret that I fain would know.

I ask not if thy fancy turns
To some Apollo of thy race,
Nor if thy heart in sorrow burns
For one too high in worldly place.

But tell me, Dinah, speak, oh, speak,
Washwoman of the ebon locks!
Why do you, each recurring week,
Give me some other fellow's socks?

ABE AURDER,

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

March 2nd, 1885.

I AM SITTING, Mary, sitting
In our cabin in the lane;
And I'm looking, Mary, looking
At the cattle in the rain;
And I see the water running
Off their skins that shine like silk;
And I wonder muchly, Mary,
If it's that which spoils the milk.

THE MASSACHUSETTS HOUSE has passed a bill prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor at saloons on Election Day from midnight to midnight. A much lighter, but more intelligent vote, is expected to be the result.

IT IS said that Rutherford B. Hayes attended a base-ball game lately, and when the umpire called "foul," asked a friend at his side if he knew what breed it was.

IF MRS. DUDLEY had only used an unloaded toy-pistol, the result might have been more satisfactory to all concerned, O'Donovan excepted.

THE INAUGURATION BALL—A Morning Cocktail.

IN THE ROUGH—Fight.

FASHION AT THE INAUGURATION BALL.

[From Advance Sheets of the N. Y. Daily Whirled.]

We take great pleasure in presenting to our readers a few brief but graphic pen and pencil sketches of the

BEAUTIES OF THE BALL,

as well as of the toilettes that have contributed to make the inaugural festivities of the 4th of March, 1885, so distinguished a success.

Among so many beautiful and exquisitely dressed ladies, it were perhaps invidious to make a choice for first place; but it seems to be an indisputable fact that the most imposing representative of American loveliness present at the ball was



MISS FAIRY BUTTS,

of Cincinnati. Miss Fairy is the youngest daughter of Mr. Galahad Butts, of Butts & Bacon, the world-renowned pork-packers of Cincinnati. A beautiful and stately presence of some twenty summers, Miss Fairy swept through the hall attired in a lovely costume of *crêpe de chine*, cut *bouffant* and trimmed with *garniture aux saucissons*. A *demi-train* of surah silk, with *passementerie à la bazam*, completed an inspiration of Worth which we believe has not been surpassed in many years.

Another guest who attracted great attention was



MISS GLORVINA D'ONNELLY,

the Diamond-Queen of St. Louis. Glittering in rare and radiant gems, with a train of satin *piqué*, ingeniously combined with *crêpe lisse à la bêchamel*, *sauté au karrimeauph*, Miss Glorvina passed proudly through the admiring throng

that made way for her queen-like progress, recognizing in her imperial stride much of that majesty which the members of her family acquire from a long line of Irish kings, and which so conspicuously distinguished her patrician father, Mulcahy d'Onnelly, in the early days of plumbing in St. Louis.

But the claims of a sister city to Chicago must not be forgotten. The beauty of St. Louis was well typified in the person of

MISS CINDERELLA HUFNAGEL.

Miss Hufnagel, although but sixteen years of age, is considered the reigning belle of Chicago. Her *petite* form and coy, *piquante* grace elicited much favorable comment from the beholders. She was radiantly beautiful, last evening, in a pink *bombe à zine*, with elephant's-breath *corsage*, finished in *hâvre de grâce* silk. But the most striking part of her toilette was undoubtedly her refined and elegant *chaussure*. Her



slippers, of polished hippopotamus skin, beautifully set off a pair of polka-dot silk stockings, *au rez de chaussée*. Her hands, of snowy whiteness, were encased in undressed kids. Report differs as to the number; but it is thought that four kids died to hide those beautiful hands.

Culture contributed her quota to the elegance of the ball, in the persons of the two



MISS CANTON-FANEUIL,

the last representatives of the Canton-Faneuil family. These two scions of Boston's proudest

society were arrayed exactly alike, in robes of esthetic design, of the neo-pagan *renaissance*. The design included sleeves *bouffant* to the elbow, a square *corsage*, and a Russian *jabotière*, of the style worn by Princess Kumoff de Rouf at the Installation of the present Czar.

Scarcely less beautiful and striking, however, was the exquisite toilette of

MISS ZENOBIA DE WAIBACQUE.

Miss Zenobia is universally admitted to be one of the brightest belles in Keokuk's glorious galaxy. Of slighter proportions than Cincinnati's fair representative, Miss Zenobia yet



boasts a figure of aristocratic elegance and unsurpassable grace. Her dress was of a sweet and effective simplicity: a plain Astrakhan satin, fitting closely to the waist, and thence falling in pure Greek folds to a border of three-ply *foulard*, shirred with *empressemement*. Nothing could have been simpler or more pleasing to the eye. A few plumes of the philaloo bird nestled in her raven hair.

But the toilette that was incontestably the cynosure of all eyes was the simple, unique and economical one worn by



MRS. SAPPHO HENN,

the celebrated poetess and advocate of woman's rights. Beyond a brief blouse of *shoddée à la grande armée*, a silk hat and a *parapluie*, her attire consisted solely of Mr. Henn's Sunday trousers.

TAKING A BALL WITH THE PRESIDENT.

A FEW REMARKS ANENT MARCH 4th.

Probabilities in favor of fatalities at the Inauguration Ball in Washington on the 4th of March are so satisfactory that it is desirable for the good of the country in general, and the comfort of Mr. Cleveland in particular, that there shall be an overcrowded attendance of office-seekers, place-hunters, and professional axe-grinders.

For honest private citizens who may be prompted by curiosity, patriotism, or a desire to see their names spelled incorrectly in the next day's paper, not to mention the awfully-in-earnest New Orleans Exposition tourist whose return-coupon includes the National Capital and its quadrennial ball, a few words of warning are disinterestedly disseminated.

If you really go to the ball, and you happen to be a lady, have a neat description of your dry-goods, jewelry and outfit generally printed, and take along fifty duplicate slips for the sassiest reporters. In their gratitude they will give you a good send-off.

If you are a man, take your second-best crush-hat, and borrow some other fellow's light overcoat. According to the admirable system of checks heretofore in vogue, and honored in the excessive observance, no gentleman is entitled to receive the same hat and coat which he deposited. That is what the checks are for—and, likewise, why they are called "checks."

Make it a point to be introduced to Mr. Cleveland. His real object in going to the ball will be to meet *you*. This meeting he is now looking forward to as the Mascot—not the New Orleans brand—the horse-shoe, the wish-bone, the four-leaf clover of his administration.

Be patient and philosophic under the mountain-load of discomforts beneath which you, along with all other decent people, will be buried. Remember, proudly and persistently, that this Inauguration Ball is heir to all the annoyances and disagreeable things that *might* have been spread out comparatively thin at the balls of the six Democratic Presidents that have *not* been inaugurated from 1856 until now. When it is carefully borne in mind that it is only by rare good luck a participant ever escapes alive from any single Inauguration Ball, the hilarious pleasure, the condensed joy, the Liebig-like levity of the forthcoming occasion commands itself to the immediate and wholesale attention of every enterprising undertaker contiguous to the Capital.

Again, if you will go, don't expect to see any one of the several people you are particularly anxious to meet; but if there is on the face of the earth a person you despise, dread, detest—and otherwise Burchardise—be sure that is the person you will meet face to face.

Finally, if you insist on sinning against light and reason and experience, make up your mind in advance to get your money's worth of everything, except that for which you invested it.

Should you choose the wiser part, you will accidentally check the trunk containing your dress-suit to New York, while the transfer company will meanly neglect to deliver in time the Saratoga in which is embalmed your latest triumph of Worth.

THAT HOUSE HAD "THE PROTECTION."



THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE.—"We are going to the Inauguration Ball, and we shan't be home until late to-night, Jane, and I want you to be particularly careful about the doors and windows. There have been several robberies around here lately, and the policeman seems to be very neglectful. I never see him on the street."

THE SIMPLE SERVING-MAID.—"It's all roight, mum. The palace-gentleman 's me cousin, mum, and it's mostly in the kitchen here he do be, mum!"

—*Lügende Blätter.*

Sixteenthly, should you desire to get the maximum of comfort for the minimum of expenditure, if you are in Washington, don't stir a step out of your rooms at the hotel on the night of March 4th. Spend a quarter for papers the next morning, read them conscientiously, and you will know more about the affair than any one human being could possibly find out by literally taking that sort of a ball.

WINTHROP.

PRESIDENTIAL PRESENTS.

—Mr. Burchard will doubtless send an engrossed copy of his remarks to Mr. Blaine at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, worked in the form of a motto. It will look very handsome hanging over the door in the cabinet-room, and as Mr. Cleveland is unmarried, it will take the place of the usual "Love One Another."

—The Rev. Ball will contribute autograph copies of the letters he sent to the ladies of Buffalo prior to the election. They will serve to enliven many a wearisome hour, and will be useful in enabling President Cleveland to remember that such a man ever lived.

—Mr. Dana can send a bound volume of the *Sun*, with the campaign articles printed in red ink. When Mr. Cleveland is down-spirited and out of sorts, the perusal of the volume will prove to be very amusing reading.

—Editor Matthews, of the Buffalo *Express*, will probably send an *édition de luxe* of Maud Muller, with the last two lines of the last verse underscored with heavy black lines.

—Among the presents which will be given to President Cleveland, there will probably be a bound volume of the Fisher letters, with the kind regards of Mr. Blaine.

—Five thousand Irish Republicans will send their sincere regrets.

PUCK'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

DEDICATED TO G. CLEVELAND, ESQ.

—"A friend is another self"; but it is usually himself, not yourself.

—"Every dog has his day"; but the nights are left for the cats.

—"Curses like chickens come home to roost," and darkeys like them, also.

—"Circumstances alter cases": even "truth lies at the bottom of a well."

—"Better to suffer wrong than to do wrong," because then you can sue for damages.

—"Beware of the man of one book"; he is sure to be either an agent or a tax-assessor.

—"Fortune favors the brave." Sitting Bull is making money in the Dime-Museum business.

—"Discretion is the better part of valor," and the remainder is apt to be desperation.

—"Consistency is a jewel," and that is the reason it is so highly prized by the fair sex.

—"A rolling stone gathers no moss." Wherein it has a great advantage over a tomb-stone.

—"A penny saved is a penny earned." Of course it is, unless it was stolen in the first place.

—"Birds of a feather flock together." If they did not, the feather would never cover them all.

—"Honest men marry soon, wise men not at all." Which seems to indicate that wise men are not honest.

—"One good deed deserves another"; but if one has merely a quit-claim, he cannot give a warranty.

—That while "God sends the meat the Devil sends the cook" is a truth but too well known to every house-keeper.

—"He gives twice who gives promptly," and it is therefore the part of prudence to come late on the subscription-list.

—"Accidents will happen in the best regulated families," which shows the wisdom of avoiding the best regulated families.

—"Appearances are deceitful." He who sees but one moon may, if he will only take a glass strong enough, perceive two.

—"It is an ill wind that blows good to nobody," and as in this climate most winds are ill, it is manifestly an advantage to be nobody.

—"Truth lies at the bottom of a well." Which shows the deleterious effect of too much water, and consequently that "it is best to let well enough alone."

ARLO BATES.

"FISH, of the Marine Bank, is under arrest. This will be agreeable news to those people who were swindled by that concern," says the *Hartford Post*. This shows what our contemporary doesn't know about New York justice. Mr. Fish has been under arrest ever since the failure, and this seems to be about the only agreeable news the bank's victims will ever hear.

BLACK EYES are yearly becoming less common in England, according to a London writer. Let him wait until John Lawrence Sullivan makes his English tour, if he wants to see this reversed.

BOSTON BITS.

CULTURE'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO PUCK'S ILLUMINATED INAUGURATION ISSUE.

A RULE WHICH works only one way—"Get on and off the rear platform."

CAPTAIN PHELAN said he expected justice; but it is thought that the Captain only said it in fun.

JOHN C. ENO is said to be an excellent pool-player. His skill in pocketing and bank-shots are to be especially noticed.

A GIRL HAS been born in Pennsylvania without a tongue. This is not a humorous item, but an encouraging piece of news.

SOME ONE complains that "intelligent errand-boys are scarce." Have patience; in three months more the colleges will close.

"SELF-PRESERVATION is a natural law," and probably accounts for the fact that so many men keep themselves saturated with alcohol.

THE EDITOR, in writing his salutatory, said: "We have come to stay"; but the printer set it up "starve," and is now looking for another "sit."

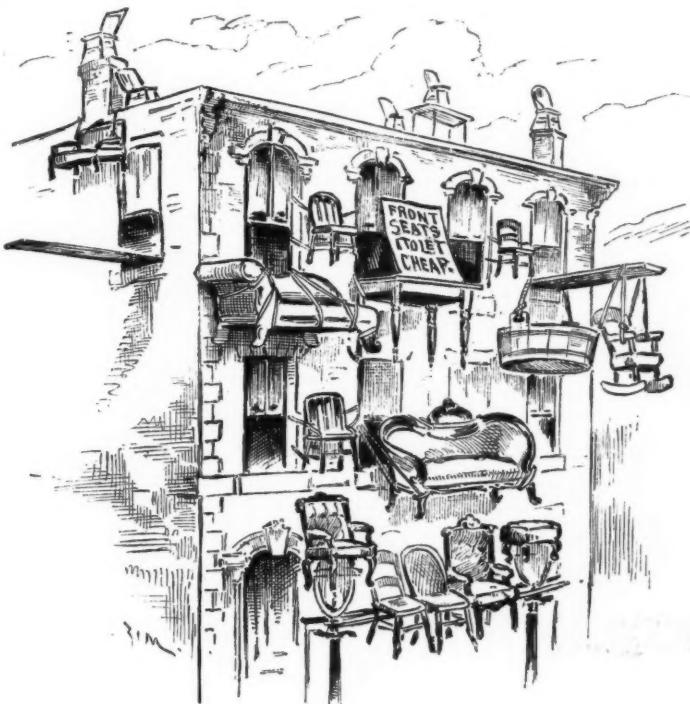
JOHN and James both want the post-office, and Stephen wants John to have it. How is James going to get it? Answers must be accompanied by full name.

THE HARVARD STUDENTS are contemplating the production of "Julius Caesar," and PUCK would suggest that they use *bona fide* daggers, and prevail on Rossa to play the title rôle.

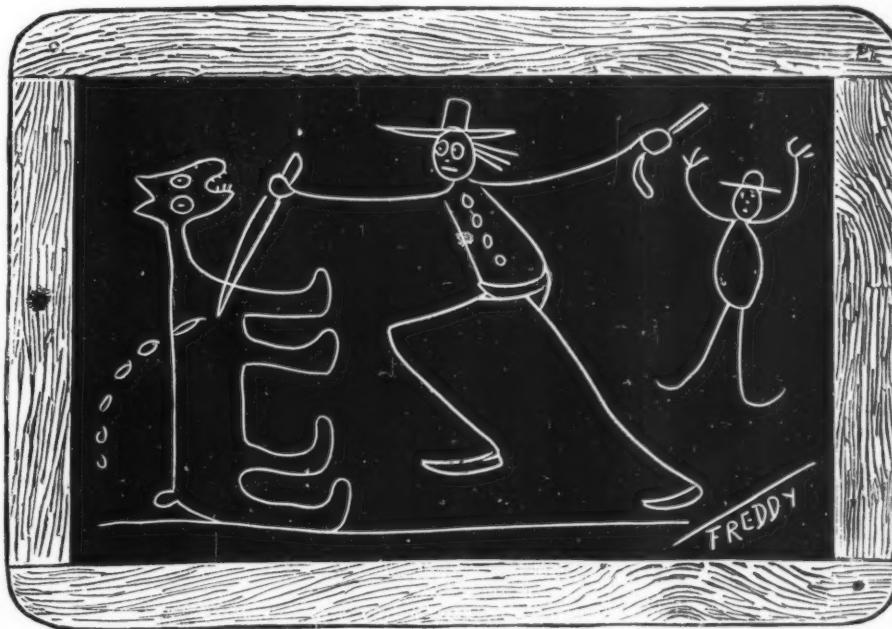
A YOUNG MAN in Germany has sued a young lady for breach of promise. If the couple had lived in this country, the young man would have said nothing and thanked Heaven for his escape.

SPAIN'S ATTITUDE with reference to the treaty is rather like that of the small boy trying to swap a knife with only one blade, and that broken, for a brand-new pearl-handled finger-eliminator.

L. R. CATLIN.



FREDDY'S SLATE
AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



dear puck

i cend you this weke a car Toon illusstraitin
the ferst chapter Of my novvle
jiant gim* The hitoand
tranerecker off the Cierrez Nevaddas
this is The ferst chapter

chap won

the shaidis off eavinin wer sloyly cettlen down
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aperanse storked with dellibrit pais A lorg an
arrow trale that lead from The nother pasific
ralerode to A loanly hornt in the innaxessible**
hites Off the mounten

tho a jient in statchter ouer hearo wos butt
yung in yeres an nowun woud Hav thort two
look Att him that onley fortean summers had
passit Over his stil yoothle hed

butt sutch wos The fact

we need say No moar four the Reders of this
ceres*** to reckenize in ouer hearo jient gim
the hitond trane recker off The searer nevadas
as he preceded On his way A pearseen shrike

newyorkmarchthre

fel Up on the ere of jiant jim An hastelly ternin
in The drection frum Wich the sound cain he
perseaved a stranger In the act off been a tackt
by a gigantic grissly bare

with out a momints hessitacion jiant jim droo
his trusstey nife wich wos stuc in his belt an
razen it on hi plungd itt in too the boddey off
The bare wich wos now standen ereck an fel
over With a dul run an A cicknin thud

ternin two the strainger jient jim remarc
with a horce laff

to be continued in ouer necxt

youers till then

freddy

p s cen bac my slight an get The resst be
four i fourget it

noats

* jim jonson wornted me two uce his naim but we
compremmis on gim in sted of jim

** jim jonson ses this ort two be speld inexecible but
i am moast genrelly rite A bout my spelien

*** this is orl thare is off this ceries but ceries sounds
better an i am maken bleave i hav ritten a hole lott be
foar

FOURTH OF MARCH.

What is this?

This, Erostratus, is a
street in Washington.

And why, O Telemachus Kafoozleum, are
the houses wearing their
furniture on their exter-
nals?

For a scriptural purpose,
my Erostratus.

And what may that be?

To back up the propo-
sition of Solomon, that all
men are fools.

But that, O respected
Telemachus K., he said
in his haste.

Yea, Erostratus, he did;
but if he had seen the
populace of the most en-
lightened nation on earth
paying out its hard-earned
shekels to hang on by its
eyelids to look at a proces-
sion, Solomon would have
said it over again with the
deliberation of a contem-
plative hippopotamus.

AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

"Are you going to Newport next Summer?"
asked one actress of another.

"No, I don't think I will. I can't afford it."

"Can't afford it? Why, you have made over

twenty-five thousand dollars so far this season."

"Yes, I know; but you seem to forget that
I have a husband to support."

THE PRACTICAL PART OF THE BUSINESS.

"What is a practical plumber?" asked little
Johnny Gimlet of his father, the other day.

"A practical plumber, my son, is one who
makes out his own bills."

A SWEET, BLUSHING and anxious senior in
Smith College wants to know "what is to be-
come of forty school-sick maidens next year?"
This is a hard question to answer; but it de-
pends a good deal on what luck they have, and
where they spend the Summer.

"TEN MILES of wire have been laid," read
Mr. Thingby the other morning, when his
daughter, a new arrival from Vassar, broke in
with an inquiry about the hen.

THROW PHYSIC to the dogs. PUCK'S ANNUAL
is the best thing. Price twenty-five cents.—Adv.



CLEVELAND'S ENTRY INTO WASH
With PUCK's Regards to Mak

P TCK.



O WASHINGTON.—MARCH 4TH, 1885.
Copyright 1885 by Makart and Charles V.

FABLES FOR LITTLE PRESIDENTS.

THE PILE-DRIVER AND THE BOMB.

There was a tall and stately Pile-Driver that was spending the Summer along one of the Great Lakes, and so Proficient had it become in its art that it boastingly declared it could Mash anything it got onto. A Hydraulic Press, hearing this Ribald speech, took it up and said:

"I'll bet you two to one that I can fetch something you can't Mash for money."

"I'll take you," said the Pile-Driver, anxious for a new Conquest.

So when the shades of even were evenly distributed over the earth, the Hydraulic Press got a Percussion Dynamite Bomb, and placed it where the Pile-Driver could swoop down upon it.

"Are you ready?" said the Hydraulic Press.

"All ready," replied the Pile-Driver.

"Well, then, wait till I get out of the way."

Soon the Press shouted "Go ahead!" and at that instant the Pile-Driver came down with all its energies, but was so thoroughly knocked out of time on the first round that its remains were not even large enough for tooth-picks.

MORAL.—Don't go too much on your past record, and don't suffer yourself to get stuck on your own shape.

F. S. RYMAN.

THE PEN AND THE PASTE-POT.

One day a Pen and a Paste-Pot that had once associated together upon terms of Intimacy met after a protracted separation on the sactum desk of a Great City Daily, and presently engaged in a heated Discussion concerning their relative Usefulness to the Editor that employed them. Finally, after much wrangling, the question was referred to the Inkstand and the Shears.

"Alas!" said the Inkstand: "I am so con-

stantly covered with a pile of musty and mutilated exchanges, that I never have the least chance of seeing what is going on. As you may observe, I am at this moment so dry that I can scarcely speak."

"To tell the Honest Truth," said the Shears: "I am kept so busy, nowadays, that I haven't had time to make a single Observation upon the subject."

And thus the Question was left unsettled, and has remained so to this day.

MORAL.—The Diligent have no time for idle Discussions.

J. B. BELL.

"HEAVY WATCH-CHAINS," says a fashion paper: "are *passé*." We are glad to hear this; but we knew they were made of some cheap metal, so that all we learn is the name of it.

A CHICAGO TRAMP, who was recently ordered to leave town and given the price of his transportation, observed to the judge: "I don't thank you for this." This shows how deficient some people are in gratitude.

THE DETROIT *Times* has come to us printed in ink as blue as the heavens that have the honor to hang out over Michigan. Besides this, the whole paper is written in rhyme, and no two metres are alike. From an underclothing "ad" in the tripping measure of Anacreon, you lightly drift to a wife-beating story in the stately and majestic stanza of Spenser, and we think the editor of the *Times* would be just the man to succeed Mr. Tennyson as poet laureate, for he would be able to do obituary verses on celebrated defuncts at short notice. He has proved to be a sort of magician in the handling of metres, and we have no doubt he could master the gas-meter if he wanted to.

HENDRICKS'S SECOND TRIAL.



AN OLD-TIMER,

And his Painful Collision with an Era of Reform.



Vessir, I am a solid Dimocrat,
An ancient, solid, straight-out Jeffersonian,
One of the reel old-timers—that's my kind.
I'm goin' up to Wash'n't'n—yes, sirree—
You see this here old swaller-tail?—I folded
That up in Jim Buchanan's time, an' now
It's goin' on to see a Democratic
President—gosh!—inoggerated! Sho!
It does my old bones good to feel the truth
A-permeatin' through the air—

What's that?
We didn't 'lect him? Who did, then? Them
Mug-wumps?
Them blame Republicans? Why that ain't nothin'.
He's there, an' he's a Dimocrat. And now, sir,
We'll start that horde of thievin' office-holders,
And put in straight-out Dimocrats all through.
This is the day of jubilee, I bet yer!
And your old uncle's goin' to be right handy
When the noo deal is made. I want a post-office.
What's more, I'm goin' to have one.

What's that, stranger?
Reform?—the Civil Service?—sho! he never
Said nothin' of the sort. What?—I ain't read it.
Well, you don't mean to say so! Dum 'f I ever
Heard sich a nonsense. Pass examinations—
Read things, an' answer questions? Dern my
stockings,
It's jest an insult to the whole Dimocracy!
Here, Jane, you take this coat—I ain't a-goin'.
I stay right here. I won't stand no sich nonsense.
What's that you say? Oh, yes, I am a Dimocrat—
My father was before me. Oh, I'm solid.
And I'm in the man for that there dum post-office—
But—sho!—examinations?—why, great cricky!
That ain't no Politics. Why, you look here, stranger,
How would I look in them examinations?
I am a Dimocrat an' a gentleman—
But, dum it, I can't read. Ain't never chose to.
Oh, dum it, Politics is gone to blazes.

Answers for the Anxious.

J. S. ST. R.—As a poet, you incinerate better than yo*u* inaugurate.

WILLIAM WEE.—If your poem went to the Inaugural, it went in the form of a paper collar.

WILSON J. MUDIE.—Yes, a nice cartoon your idea would make, if we were building cartoons on puns like "inn-auger-ate." But we aren't. Keep your idea for acting-charades in the bosom of the Mudie family.

KITTY BRIGHTEYES.—Yes, dear, we are very glad to know that you have a cat named Mopsa, and that you never pull her tail or stroke her fur the wrong way. It pleases us very much to know that you don't do such things, because if you did you might get about half the head clawed off you. These little bits of personal intelligence are dear to our heart, Kitty. And your Inauguration poem is very good for a ten-year-old. But we can't encourage ten-year-old poets of your charming sex. They are bad enough when they are ripe; but they are simply destructive to civilization when they begin in the raw.

WHY HE WAS NOT PRESENT AT THE INAUGURATION.

"I'm a-thinkin'," observed Peter Johnson to his wife a week or so ago, early one morning.

"What are you a-thinkin' on, Peter?"

"I'm a-thinkin' I'll go to Washington next month to the inaugural."

"To the what, Peter?" inquired Mrs. Johnson, as she raised up in bed.

"To the inaugural. I'll only be gone a day or so, Maria, and—"

"Shut right up, Peter. I've heard enough on that subject now. You are not a-goin'! I should think you had got enough of inaugurations."

"Why, Maria, I never attended one before!"

"Shut up, Peter, and don't try and lie to your wife. You ought to know better. Do you remember the inaugural of Jake White's new barn? I suppose you'd like to forgit it and have me forgit it, too. But I never shall, if I live to be as old as Uncle Ned's crow. Jake had a prize pig at his inaugural, you recollect, and you and Jim Smith guessed at the weight. You recollect the time we had in partin' you. Perhaps you don't remember how Jim called you outside and mashed your nose all over your face, just as if it was made out of injy-rubber. Well, I do remember. My memory is longer than a cow's horn, thank Fortune. I remember the condition you was in when we got you home—all mussed up, as if you had been the target at a shootenfest."

"Yes, Maria, but this—"

"Perhaps you don't remember the inaugural at the Sons of Erin Hall down in the village. No? Well, I do. Mike Dooney was the head Son and sat in the red chair. You don't remember that, I suppose? You went out and saw all your own friends and all mine, too, and when you came back you wasn't in a condition to tell yourself from a door-knob. You staggered in the hall and sat down in the middle of the floor, and when Mike sent two men to pick you up, you straddled out your legs like a spider that was stepped on, and both the men sat down on you. Then you kicked and clawed, and they had to unstrap your wooden leg before they could put you in a chair like a decent man. Then you wanted to do the inauguration yourself, and when Mike told you to shut up or go out, you threw your stump at him and called him a bog-trottin', pig-eatin' Mick! Then you was kicked down-stairs and landed on your head, and got jammed up so hard we had to sit on you to straighten you out, and the doctor had to strap boards on your leg to keep it from warpin'. You didn't get out of bed for eight weeks, and I had to hire Mike Dooney to tend the stock. You don't remember that inaugural, do you?"

"But, Maria, I don't intend—"

"Well, I should say you don't. Neither do I," replied Mrs. Johnson, grimly.

"But, Maria," groaned the unhappy man.

"Don't 'but' me, Peter; listen to common-sense. Do you remember the inauguration of the new school-house down in Pike's Fork? Well, I do. We all went there together, you and me and sister Mary and her dear husband. You wore that nice coat of yours

with the brass buttons that your father had before you, and you looked like a gentleman when you started out. How did you look when you got home? Answer me that, Peter! We got there early, and after the horse was put up, you and Deacon Cobb moseyed off by yourselves to the village, and filled yourselves up to the coat-collar with apple-jack. I suppose you don't remember that inaugural? You came into the room while we were a-eatin' and drinkin' like respectable persons, and j'ined in like two ruffians. You burned your mouth on a cup of hot coffee and swore. Then when the Parson believed you, you abused him and asked him to step outside; and he did step outside, Peter. Perhaps you don't remember how that preacher mowed the grass with you, and rolled down half-a-mile of new road with you, do you? Well, I do. I had to clean your coat and patch your trousers, and drag you into your wagon, hitch up the horse and drive you home. Where did you sleep that night, Peter? Right in the wagon, and you was such a lookin' fright that the horses laughed at you in the mornin'. But you didn't laugh, Peter, for over a week. You couldn't use your mouth without a-bringin' tears to your eyes. No, sir, you won't go to no inaugural this year. I'm too old to nurse you through a spell of sickness, and you have only got one leg to lose. You ain't strong enough, Peter, to stand another inaugural. You had better stay home and look after the chores.

There are lots of young men with nothin' to do. They will tend to the inauguratin' business this year. No, Peter, you ain't needed at Washington. You will stay here with me."

"Yes; but Maria," interposed Mr. Johnson: "this is a different kind of inaugural. This is the President of the United States who is goin' to be inaugurated."

"Well, Peter, that may be so; but I think you are too old to learn a new kind of inauguratin', and I don't think your constitution will stand the strain. Remember, you ain't what you used to be."

"I'm as good as I ever was, Maria, and besides, this inaugural is a big affair, with lots of soldiers and policemen, and there will be as many as a thousand people there."

"That may be so, Peter, but they will all get there and go home without you."

"But, Maria, I told Jim Smith and Bill Weeks I'd be there, and they will expect me."

"I guess not, Peter. You just tell 'em that Maria doesn't think you'd better go. They won't expect you then. They won't lay awake lookin' for you. I wouldn't have you go there for anything. The first thing the President would know, you'd be up on the platform a-doin' the inauguratin' yourself."

"No, I wouldn't, Maria. The police wouldn't let me. They have big clubs, you know."

"No you don't. We hain't got money enough to have your head patched up. Besides, it has been cracked so often I don't think it will stand much more patchin'. No, Peter, you will stay with me."

"That's all right, Maria, but I'm a-goin'."

"Peter, you're not."

"I am."

"You will, will you?"

Here the conversation was interrupted by a long pause, which was preceded by an ominous rustling of the bed-clothes.

"You will, will you?"

"Yes, I will."

Here followed another long pause, which was occasionally interrupted by a gurgling sound, as if water was being poured out of a long-necked bottle.

"You will, will you?"

"Let me up," responded a voice which came from the depths of a purple face: "and quit chokin' me and I'll stay home."

* * *

This morning two honest, red-faced, broad-hatted Jerseymen sauntered into a Washington restaurant and called for a glass of apple-jack.

"I wonder whether Pete Johnson is comin' to-day," remarked one of the pair.

"Guess not," replied the other.

"Why not? He told me just last week he was a-goin'."

"Pete may have said so; but he won't be here, all the same."

"Why not?"

"I was at his place yesterday."

"Did you see Pete?"

"No; but I saw Maria."

"Well, what did she say?"

"She didn't say nothing; but she was a-mixin' the bread with Pete's wooden leg."

BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

A WALL-FLOWER'S WAIL.

[At the Inauguration Ball.]



OLD BOURBON DEMOCRACY.—"The President don't seem to be paying much attention to me. Where do I come in, anyhow?"

AT THE WAITERS' BALL—NOT THE "INAUGURATION."



SOLITARY GUEST (*absent-mindedly*).—"Waiter!"
TERPSICHOREAN WAITER (*off duty; but still subject to the force of habit*).—"Vessir—coming, sir—right off, sir!"—*From the German.*

COUNTRY SENSATIONS.

The Post-Office authorities have recently unearthed a scheme, and exposed the method by which country weeklies are supplied with reports of horrible tragedies and sensational elopements. It was noticed that many sealed circulars were going through the mails addressed to papers all over the country, and, suspecting that they might contain lottery advertisements, one of the letters was opened and the following circular found inside. It explains itself:

(*Private and Confidential.*)

NEW YORK, March 3rd, 1885.
Editor of the *Scissors*, Topeka, Kansas.

Dear Sir—The quiet life of the rural districts fails to furnish the sensational items of murder, robbery, elopement, and other horrors which go to make a paper readable and spicy. Indeed, it is very hard to find news of any sort whatever, and country editors are compelled to rely on their shears for the greater part of their matter. A company has been organized in New York to help country editors out of their difficulties. It is known as the Country Sensation Association, and it is now prepared to boom your circulation, and to make your valuable paper indispensable in every household of your county. We will furnish you news of the most terrifying description at very low rates. We are able to do this by working on the combination plan, as we furnish the news in manifold to many other papers, but at such a distance from your town that no interference is possible. In these tales of horror we leave the names and localities blank, and these you can fill in to suit yourself. It is generally advisable to locate the stories in some inaccessible part of your country, so that the deception may not be readily discovered. We shall send you every week a brief synopsis of the sensations which we have on hand, and you can notify us which you desire to use. Over one hundred weeklies and two New York dailies have entered into this scheme, and it has so far given great satisfaction. The schedule for the coming week is as follows:

A cow has a three-headed calf.
A farmer is gored to death by a bull.
A peddler is found with his throat cut.
A robbers' den is discovered in the interior of a haymow.

A chicken dispute of fourteen battles is fought in a barn.

A minister elopes with the lady teacher of the infant class.

A tiger is heard growling in the woods. He devours a child.

A hired-man kills the entire family with an axe and robs the house.

A father kills his seven children and throws them into a hog-pen, where their bodies are devoured.

The skeletons of four persons are found at the bottom of a well, where the water had tasted strangely for many years.

Each of these stories is written out in the most realistic manner, with all the harrowing details fully depicted. They will be furnished to you at the small price of twenty-five cents each. Let us know which you desire to use, and we shall forward the copy at once.

Yours respectfully,
The Country Sensation Association.

P. S.—If you do not care to avail yourself of this offer, kindly keep it a secret.

ROMEYN BENJAMIN.

The ANNUAL PUCK, for '85,
In every good thing keeps alive.
In wit and humor, prose and rhyme,
It never falls behind the time.
For five and twenty cents you get
A bale of funny things, you bet.

—*Merchant Traveler.*

That excellent comic weekly, PUCK, offers its yearly treat to the fun-loving public in PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1885. This is made up of crisp and sparkling contributions and well-drawn caricatures.—*Albany Argus.*

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA,
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA,
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA,
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.

W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

What is BROWN'S GINGER for—How do you use it?

This Essence is warranted to possess, in a concentrated form, all the valuable properties of JAMAICA GINGER, and will be found on trial, an excellent FAMILY MEDICINE. It is particularly recommended as A TONIC to persons recovering from FEVER or other diseases, a few drops imparting to the Stomach a glow and vigor equal to a wine-glassful of brandy or other stimulant, without any of the debilitating effects which are sure to follow the use of liquor of any kind; and it is therefore specially serviceable to Children and Females. To the AGED it will prove a great comfort; to the DYSPEPTIC, and to those who are predisposed to GOUT or RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS, it gives great relief; and to the INEBRIATE who wishes to Reform, but whose stomach is constantly craving the noxious liquor, it is invaluable—giving tone to the DIGESTIVE Organs, and strength to resist temptation, and is consequently a great agent in the CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.

DOSE.—For a grown person, one tea-spoonful; for a child 10 to 12 years old, half a tea-spoonful; and for a child 2 to 5 years old, 15 to 20 drops. To be given in Sugar and Water.

REMEMBER!

INSIST on having the GENUINE BROWN'S GINGER made by Fred'k Brown, Philadelphia—Take no other. For sale by all respectable Drug-gists and Grocers in the World.

G. H. MUMM & CO.
CHAMPAGNE.

CORDON ROUGE,
EXTRA DRY AND DRY VERZENAY.

Importation in 1884,
23,967 CASES MORE
than of any other brand.

Numbers 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 24, 25, 27, 29, 32, 33, 34, 37, 38, 41, 47, 48, 50, 53, 54, 56, 77, 79, 82, 87, 88, 131, 133, 154 and 371 of English PUCK will be bought at this office at 10 cents, and numbers 10 and 26 at 50 cents per copy.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR
AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.

WAREROOMS:

149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th Street, N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.

CHICAGO, ILL.: NO. 209 WABASH AVENUE.

DEFECTIVE VIOLINS

can be turned into splendid toned instruments by being re-modelled after Berliner's system of stringing. Endorsed by Prof. Jul. Eichberg, Mr. C. N. Allen and the late DR. LEO-POLD DAMROSCH. Send for pamphlet.

E. BERLINER,

Electrician: American Bell Telephone Company,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

O. G. BRAUMAR,
Manufacturer of
Badges and Medals,
36 CORTLANDT STREET, N. Y.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

JAMES PYLE'S



PEARLINE

THE BEST
Washing Compound
EVER INVENTED.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere.

Fine Custom Tailoring

OVERCOATINGS,

SUITINGS,

TROUSERINGS.

The Choice of Foreign and Home Manufacture.

Overcoats to order from \$18.00
Suits " " 20.00
Pants " " 5.00

Samples and Self-measurement Rules Mailed on Application.

NICOLL, "the Tailor"

171 Broadway, cor. 9th St.

139-151 Bowery, N. Y.

BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.

Note change in Broadway address.

DECKER'S BILLIARD AND POOL

Tables, celebrated for fine workmanship, quickness and durability of cushions. Prices low and terms easy. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Factory and WAREROOMS 105 EAST 9th St., N. Y.

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TO THE QUEEN.—"We send you by this mail a marked article, expressive of our disapproval of dynamite methods. If the article should happen to strike you, please copy it and give proper credit. We have heard it said that your duties as editor of the *Court Journal* are very arduous, and we do not doubt it, since there is no performance more life-sapping than writing up a grand ball. We hope that your family is well and that the children have escaped the croup. Should this malady call you from your quiet place of repose, don't forget that goose-grease is an excellent remedy. Axle-grease, after a thorough trial, has been thrown aside by the Arkansaw school of physicians and surgeons. We are pleased to see that one of your prominent grandsons has just finished cutting his teeth. Accept our congratulations, for it must be a great relief to you. We heard a recent Irishman say that he intended to blow up your kitchen. We say recent Irishman, because he is no more. Our order, sentencing him to be shot, has been executed. You have friends over here. We all know that you never drove a poor family from home or kicked an Irish settler from the front steps. Well, take care of yourself. Don't forget to credit the article."—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1885. A little thing; but it makes the gigantic sides of the public shake with laughter.—*Home Journal*.

BANK CASHIER.—"How is it that one never hears of any one in your line skipping out to Canada?"

Treasurer of Gas Company.—"How is it? Ha! ha! ha! Because, my boy, it pays us better not to skip out. Why should we skip out when we can conduct our operations under the protection of law? You go to Canada to make a haul; we simply keep along in the old line of squeezing the public."—*Boston Courier*.

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Sole Agents for U. S. A., will Mail Free, on receipt of address, "PASTRY & SWEETS," a little work containing Practical Hints and Original Recipes for Tasty Dishes for the Dinner and Supper table. 63

CANDY
Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

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Hidden Name, Embossed and New Chrome Cards, name in new type, an Elegant 48 page Gilt bound Floral Autograph Album with quotations, 12 page Illustrated Premium and Price List and Agent's Canvassing Outfit all for 15c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

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BAD BLOOD, SCROFULOUS, Inherited and Contagious Humors, with Loss of Hair, Glandular Swellings, Ulcerous Patches in the Throat and Mouth, Abscesses, Tumors, Carbuncles, Blotches, Sores, Scurvy, Wasting of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Dropsey, Enema, Debility, Chronic Rheumatism, Constipation and Piles, and most diseases arising from an Impure or Impoverished Condition of the Blood, are speedily cured by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, assisted by CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally. CUTICURA RESOLVENT is the only blood purifier that forever eradicates the virus of Inherited and Contagious Blood Poisons.

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A girl in my employ has been cured of constitutional scrofula by the use of Swift's Specific.

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Vanderbilt's millions could not buy from me what Swift's Specific has done for me. It cured me of scrofula of 15 years standing.

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We are the only concern in the United States who are bottling and selling to the Medical Profession and Drug Trade an absolutely **PURE Malt Whiskey**, one that is free from **FUSIL OIL** and that is not only found on the sideboards of the best families in the country, but also in the physician's dispensing room.

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After this preparation has been taken for a few weeks, the previously conspicuously prominent bones in patients suffering from Consumption and the like diseases, get covered with a thick coating of fat and muscle, the sunken and bloodless cheeks fill up and assume a rosy hue, the drooping spirits revive, while all the muscles of the body, and chief among them the heart, are stronger and better able to perform their functions, because of being nourished with a richer blood than they had been before. In other words, the system is supplied with more carbon than the disease can exhaust, thereby giving nature the upper hand in the conflict.

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PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1885.

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Price 25 Cents.

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MANAGER.—"So you wish to star?"
Beautiful Lady.—"Yes, sir."
M.—"Your wardrobe—?"
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M.—"Good. Can you act?"
B. L.—"No."
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"You can't come it," said a customer to a druggist who endeavored to palm off his own mixture when Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup was asked for, and Bull's he got. Price 25 cents a bottle.

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* * * always pie at breakfast.
—*Hotness's Life of Emerson*.

Oh, Shade of Concord, was it pie
That rolled thy finely frenzied eye
In visions of Infinity?
That fed thy jack-o'-lantern brain
With phosphor from the radiant train
That nightly tramps the stellar plain,
And clapped the brakes on Phoebus's car,
One morning in the blue afar,
To "hitch thy wagon to a star?"

* * * * *
Oh, Shade of Concord, was it pie
That bore thy soul so loftily?
That made thee spare with gentle ruth
All sons of men who love the truth,
Who scorn the sneer and loathe the sham?
That filled thee with a noble hate
Of hypocrites who modulate
Each sacred chant
Into their cant,
And snivel forth each joyous psalm?
Prophet and Poet, Fool most wise,
We toss this gew-gaw to the skies,
And feel, while blink our dazzled eyes,
Oh, true American, 'twas Pie!

—*Chicago Herald*.

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A PACKAGE Mixed Flower Seeds (400 kinds) with PARK'S FLORAL GUIDE, all for 2 stamps. Tell all your friends. G. W. PARK, Fanntestburg, Penna.

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Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

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I shrunk!
From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

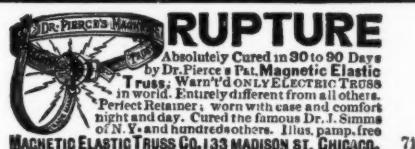
Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.
How to GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

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Smart Bad Boy (triumphantly)—Two feathers!

"Wealth and poetry," remarked the professor: "are relative terms."

"I see," said the janitor: "distant relatives."

Landlady (with a pleasant smile)—Will you carve the turkey, Mr. Oldboarder?

Mr. Oldboarder (with an ominous frown)—No, ma'am. You don't carve rubber; you mould it.

Proceeds to mould the proud bird into irregular parallelograms bisected at the angles with serrated fissures of abnormal density.

"Dear me," said a forty-line Puff to a Standing "Ad" a column long: "here you are yet. I always find you in the same old place. What are you doing?"

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"I'SE 'spicious o' de pusson whut hol's my han' whin he is greetin' me. It 'pears ter me dat he's er puttin' on jes' er little mo' den he feels."—Arkansaw Traveler.

DE gennerman is bo'n, not made. Doan' kere how much trouble yer takes wid er hog, he ain' gwine ter 'vide his co'n wid his neighbor.—Arkansaw Traveler.

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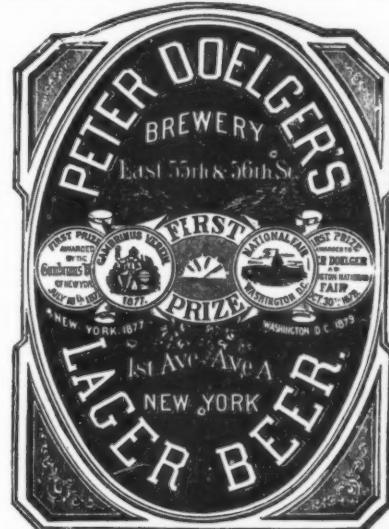
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